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Was the Atlantic Cable a Humbug?

To the Editor of the Boston Courier:

In your paper of February the 3d, there appears under the above caption an article by "Observer," in which the assertion is made, positively and without reservation, that the Atlantic Ocean Cable has never worked effectively since it was submerged—has never sent a message across its wires—and, consequently, that all the despatches heretofore published as genuine cable productions, were bogus. The writer does not adduce one particle of proof to sustain this extraordinary statement, although he admits, as he could not help admitting, that several despatches, purporting to have been transmitted through the cable, were published last Autumn in the newspapers, on both sides of the Atlantic, in "six or seven days." He attempts, however, to account for these despatches by starting the theory that they were taken across the Atlantic by the Galway and Quebec steamers, which steamers, he asserts, "are almost sure of making their voyages from the coast of Newfoundland to Ireland in less time than was taken to get this news to London over the Atlantic Cable." And it is on so flimsy an assumption as this that "Observer" impugns the truthfulness of the Directors of the Ocean Cable, and makes gross charges of collusion and fraud against gentlemen whose names are in this country synonymous for personal worth and mercantile honor.

Having filled three columns of the *Courier* with his baseless charges, sly insendos, and malignant comments, "Observer" calls for a response from some one in behalf of the Cable, saying he shall "wait with curious impatience" until he gets it. He shall have that response.

In the first place, I will proceed to demolish the Galway theory of "Observer" by showing that, on no one occasion, even if all the Galway steamers had made passages of but three days' duration instead of six, could they by any chance or possibility have carried out the particular despatches under consideration, so as to have them published in London or in New York within six days after they left the respective shores of Ireland and America. The times of the departure and arrival of these steamers during the period in question did not coincide in a single instance with the time included within the dates at which certain facts transpired on one side of the Atlantic and the dates of their publication on the other. Here are the facts and figures on this point.

The Atlantic Cable was professedly working from about August 6th, to September 1st, when all communication for practicable purposes appears to have ceased. During this time, but one steamer left this side on the Galway route. That was the *Prince Albert*, which sailed from New York for Galway direct, on the 21st of August, arriving out on the 1st of September, after a run of nine days, and carrying later American news to Europe. She of course could not have carried out any of the cable despatches which were published in London previously to her arrival out. The very suggestion has an air of the ridiculous about it.

Now let us note the passages of the Galway steamers from the other side. The first vessel on the Galway route which left the Irish coast for America during the period mentioned above was the *Propeller*. She sailed from Galway August 21st, and arrived at St. Johns on the 28th, after a passage of seven days. The *Pacific* followed her from the same port on the 26th of August, arriving at St. Johns on the 2d of September, having made the run in eight days. These two were the only steamers on the Galway route which left the other side during the period above specified.

It will be seen that of the three passages noted above, not one of them is set down as less than seven days. But, in computing the age of news transmitted by a steamer or sailing vessel, the days of departure and arrival should always be deducted. This process would have made the news brought by the *Propeller*, which performed the passage from Galway in seven days, at least nine days old when it appeared in the newspapers. But that news, in reality, was not published in this country until it was ten days old—a fact which "Observer" and his friends can ascertain for themselves by turning to the Boston or New York papers of August 26th.

In order to shorten this communication, I purposely omit from this place the result of my inquiries touching the possibility of the Quebec steamers having had a hand in facilitating the passage of the alleged bogus despatches across the ocean. I have the figures, however, on this point, and if "Observer" would like to see them, he shall be gratified. I suspect, however, that before he reads this communication through, he will not care to hear anything further about his Quebec and Galway steamer theory.

Having thus pretty effectually demolished, as I think, "Observer's" Galway six-days' theory, I will proceed to adduce incontestible proofs of the fact, which I now assert, that the Atlantic Cable *was* in working order at the time its managers claimed it to be, and also that the despatches which "Observer" denounces as bogus, were true and bona fide cable messages, and that they could have reached their destination at the time they did by no other method than by transmission through the ocean wires. I assert, also, and am prepared to prove my assertion, that not one of the despatches selected by "Observer" consumed six days, as he asserted they all did, or even five, in its passage from Europe to America.

The first of these despatches on which "Observer" turns his batteries, is that announcing the collision off Cape Race between the steamships *Europa* and *Arabia*. In his comments on this despatch, "Observer" is peculiarly disingenuous—totally ignoring the facts in the case, and deducing from his own garbled statements a conclusion which, if he were as well posted on the subject as he pretends to be, he must have known to be false.

In order to make out his point in this case, "Observer" alludes to the despatch as one which was "*repeated*" to have gone through the cable to London on the day next following the collision, and then triumphantly exclaiming, "*now for the facts*," he proceeds exultingly to demolish this "humbug" of his own concocting.

Now, the real facts with regard to this despatch are, that no person connected with the cable or with the Associated Press, ever pretended that the despatch reached London on the day following the collision. It would have been silly for them to have done so, for that despatch originated in New York, where the fact of the collision was not known until the third day after it happened. All the laddishly attending the transmission of this despatch are lucidly explained in an article published in the New York *Herald* of January the 7th, from which I make the following extract bearing on this point. Says the *Herald*, in substance: "The collision off Cape Race between steamships *Arabia* and *Europa*, occurred on Saturday, August 14th, and a despatch announcing it was published in the London *Times* of the 21st of the same month. Here a lapse of seven days is apparent between the date of the collision and the time of its publication in London. This delay is partially accounted for by the fact that the news of the collision did not reach New York until Tuesday, the 17th, and that the despatch for Liverpool via the Cable Telegraph, was not sent from this city by Mr. Canard until that day. And then, when the despatch reached Trinity Bay, the operator there refused to transmit it through the Cable to London, alleging, as an excuse, his peremptory orders not to send any private business messages until the line was fully open to the public. On learning this fact, Mr. Canard made application to Mr. Cyrus W. Field, in New York, to induce him to use his influence with the directors for a relaxation of their rules, so far as to meet the exigencies of this case. Mr. Field did so, and the result was, that the message, with Mr. Field's permission, was resent from New York on the *evening of the 17th inst.*, was received in London *on the 20th*, and published in the *Times* on the 21st, as already stated."

Here it will be seen that although the news was "six days old" when it reached London, it actually was but *two* days on the passage from New York to that city.

But there is connected with this "collision" despatch another significant fact, which "Observer" has studiously ignored, but which, for his edification, I will here introduce, quoting again from the *Herald's* article: "When," says that journal, "the news of the collision was first received in London, which was on Friday, the 20th of August, as before stated, the information it conveyed was deemed by the agents to be too meagre, and therefore a despatch asking for further particulars was transmitted from that city over the cable to Newfoundland. This despatch left London at *five o'clock on the afternoon of that day*, and an answer giving the information sought was received over the cable at *seven o'clock on the evening of the same day!* This fact is explicitly vouched for in an editorial in the London *Times* of the 21st, which published both despatches in full on that day."

Here we have unmistakable evidence that, during the few weeks the cable was in working order, there was a certain time when, to use the language of the *Herald*, "the telegraphic communication between the two shores was almost perfect."

I now come to the next "news" despatch noticed by "Observer"—that announcing the treaty of peace with China. Upon this point "Observer" lays considerable stress, and evidently thinks, if one judge of his thoughts from his actions, and exultant language, that he has really made a damaging matter out of it. But what are the facts in the case? According to "Observer's" own version, when stripped of its verbiage and its irrelevant matter, we find that the China news was first published in London on Monday, the *twenty-third of August* last, in this city, and the other cities of the country on the TWENTY-SEVENTH of the same August! Here, it will be noted, was the lapse of *four days* only. What has become of "Observer's" Galway six-days theory when he let this remarkable admission slip through his fingers—an admission which instantly and completely demolished the three solid columns of hard writing—and, I might add, of hard swearing also—which he had brought up against the integrity of the Atlantic cable? And where, too, was his Galway steamer? It is of no great account, now, *where* the latter was; but still, as the steamer then *en route* from Ireland to St. Johns happened to be the only one which came within a great fraction of answering the conditions of "Observer's" six-days Galway theory, it may be interesting to the reader, if it is not to "Observer," to know something about her movements at this time.

By referring, therefore, back to the paragraphs stating the passages of the various steamers on the Galway route, it will be found that the *Propeller* which made the shortest time of any steamer then plying between the two countries, left Galway August 21st, *two days* before the China news transpired in London, and arrived at St. Johns on the evening of the 28th—*one day* after the news in question was published in this city! Is it now any longer a mystery to the reader why "Observer," while advocating his Galway theory, has neglected to furnish the public with those interesting pictures concerning the performances of the Galway steamers, which were absolutely necessary to enable them to judge whether he was keeping good faith with them, or not?

It was my intention to have noticed some other points in "Observer's" long communication; but I have already, I fear, stretched my remarks to too great a length. I will, therefore, add but one more proof, just as a clincher to my article, and then commend the whole thing to "Observer" for digestion.

On Monday, the *twenty-third of August*, 1858, Mr. James Eddy, the general Superintendent of the American Telegraph Company, died at Burlington, in Vermont. The announcement of his death was telegraphed to Newfoundland, and thence over the Atlantic Cable to London, which city it reached on *the twenty-fourth*—that is, on the next day after the death occurred at Burlington, and the fact was duly recorded in *the London Times of the twenty-fifth!*

Now, I think even "Observer" will agree with me that here is a case in which there could have been no "collusion." Mr. Eddy was a gentleman and a Christian, as every man who ever knew him will freely acknowledge, and the thought is not to be entertained for a moment that he would have conspired with others, and contracted to die on a certain day in order that the fact of his death might be sent to London in advance, and the announcement there palmed off upon the public in the shape of a cable despatch, for the purpose of enabling certain parties to swindle the community! But how else could the announcement of his death at Burlington, in Vermont, have reached London on the day following it, if the Atlantic Cable was not then in working order? I should like to have "Observer" answer me this question through the columns of the papers, and, in the meantime, to use his own language, I shall wait with "curious impatience" to see that answer.

VIDEX.

Comments on the above.

It will be noticed, by the careful reader, that "VIDEX" quietly omits making any allusion to the most serious charges preferred against the ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY by "OBSERVER." Those charges are, in brief, as follows:—

I. That the managers of the Cable at Trinity Bay reported to the American Press, on the fifth of August, that they had received a telegraph from the other side of the water, stating that the *Agamemnon* had landed her end of the cable the day before, to wit, on the *fourth* of August; whereas it appears by the despatch sent to the English Press by the cable-managers at Valentia that it was not landed till the *fifth* of August; which, as "Observer" says, "was good guessing, but not exactly accurate telegraphing."

II. That the managers of the cable at Trinity Bay, telegraphed to the American Press on the *sixteenth* of August, that they had *that morning* sent over the wires a very explicit message respecting the *Niagara* to the steamship *Europa*; whereas the cable-managers at Valentia reported to the English Press, that the said message was transmitted on the *seventeenth* of August.

III. That the managers of the cable at Valentia reported to the English Press, that on the *nineteenth* of August, the message from the Queen to the President, consisting of ninety-nine words, was transmitted to Newfoundland in exactly sixty-seven minutes; and that it was repeated back to Valentia, to test its accuracy, and was found to have been taken with great exactness; whereas, according to the cable-managers at Trinity Bay, only a small portion of the Queen's message was received on the *sixteenth* of August. In fact on the seventeenth Mr. Peter Cooper sent a telegraphic message to the President explaining the cause which prevented the entire message from being telegraphed from Valentia. "Then," as "Observer" remarks, "we have Mr. Cooper's evidence that the Queen's message was not transmitted from Valentia to Trinity Bay on the *eighteenth* of August, in sixty-seven minutes, and consisting of ninety-nine words, as solemnly announced in the London papers by the secretary of the cable-managers;" and we have the same evidence that (notwithstanding the solemn announcement of the London secretary of the Company) it was not "repeated back to Valentia to test its accuracy, on the *nineteenth* of August, but was taken down, with great exactness on that day at Trinity Bay."

In fact Mr. Cooper's explanation (above referred to) was that the transmission of the message was "stopped for several hours to allow of repairs to the cable;" and that the fragment transmitted on the *sixteenth* of August, was handed to the Newfoundland line as the genuine entire message, and was supposed to be such until the morning of the *seventeenth*.

IV. That on the morning of the *twenty-seventh* of August, the managers of the cable at Trinity Bay sent to the American papers a despatch containing "further particulars of the Treaty with China," which despatch bore the date of "London, Friday, August *twenty-seventh*;" thus conveying to the public the idea that the news had come over the wires on the day it was received in England, whereas it was at least seven days old, having appeared in the London papers on the morning of August *twentieth*.

Now we consider that these grave charges made by "OBSERVER" against the Atlantic Telegraph Company—charges which admit of no answer from "VIDEX," or anybody else—justify his (OBSERVER'S) statement that "no representation made on the English side of the Atlantic, respecting either the laying, or the working of the cable, is found consistent with the representation of the same fact, made public on the American side of the Atlantic; which indicates, that while there was a concert upon generalities, there has been a disagreement upon particulars; proving the want of honesty in the matter among the immediate actors."

Was the Atlantic Cable a Humbug?

A writer in the *Boston Courier* argues that there is no evidence that a single intelligible sentence has ever passed over the cable. He makes out at length that concealment and prevarication, if not absolute falsehood and deception, have characterized the management of the cable ever since it was laid. Two motives are alleged for the deception: the securing of bonuses in stock to the amount of $875,000, promised to those concerned in laying the cable, on condition of its success, and the sale of that stock after it was procured.

The statements made as to the working of the cable on the two sides of the Atlantic are found to be generally inconsistent with each other. The news of the collision of the *Europa* and *Arabia*, of which so much has been said, was not received in London until seven days after it occurred, which gives sufficient time for a steamer to have made the voyage from Newfoundland to the coast of Ireland.

The Trinity Bay account of the landing of the cable at Valentia was that it occurred on the 6th August; the fact, as afterwards reported by steamer, was that it occurred on the 5th. Everybody recollects the confusion about the Queen's and the President's message. On the 17th of August the manager at Valentia Bay telegraphed to London that on the 16th the message of the Queen was transmitted in 67 minutes, and then repeated back again to ensure its accuracy. The fact on this side was that only the first sentence was received, and it was not till the 17th that it was completed, showing that the statement sent to the London papers was an intentional deception. At the same time the President had in his possession a copy of the Queen's message forwarded in advance by steamer, to guard against accidents.

The China news, which was false, and the great triumph of the cable, looks nearly as bad when the dates are compared. That news was received at Trinity Bay on the 26th of August, but it was published in the London *Morning Chronicle* of the 20th, as received the previous day, and was thus nearly a week old in London when transmitted over the cable. There was time enough to have sent it by steamer to Newfoundland.

All this does not prove that the cable did not work, and did not transmit these despatches, but only that it is a possibility that they might have come some other way. We have no doubt that the cable did work, very slowly and very hard, indeed, but that, just a little, it did work. We cannot therefore adopt the theory that the cable was a humbug, although many of its managers are doubtless worthy of that title.—*Springfield Republican.*

Is the Atlantic Cable a Humbug?

It is stated that when the words "Henley" and "You understand" were, recently, received at Newfoundland, the station at Valentia was locked up and deserted. This is an astonishing fact! We have heard of a man who used to blow tunes in a flute, during freezing weather, in order to hear them come out when they melted: and here we have a Cable which retains messages for a considerable time, and then utters them! Or were these words "Henley" and "You understand," the random effort of some fish to communicate his sentiments—perhaps a torpedo or an electrical eel? It is at least curious that when the operators try to send despatches the cable rejects, but after they have shut up shop it begins to talk. On the whole, then, they had better shut up shop on both sides.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Was the Atlantic Cable a Humbug?

At various times since the avowed laying of the Atlantic Cable, attempts have been made to prove that no Messages were ever transmitted through it, but that they were all sent by steamships, and fraudulently announced as passing by the Cable. Several times, knowing ones in New York have raised very plausible theories, to prove the whole affair to be a stupendous hoax, and it must be confessed, the faith of many has been very much shaken, by the confident expressions of doubt, which have from time to time been made.—*Catskill Examiner.*

"THE ASSOCIATED PRESS."

We observe in the *Sunday Transcript* a voluminous communication, signed by D. H. Craig, the agent of the seven papers of New York, constituting the Associated Press. Those who know Mr. Craig will read it, we presume, in order to see what he ventures to say; knowing him to be a very venturesome person, possessing, in fact, the rare facility at a certain kind of language these directions. What such a person may choose to speak or write about any one is really of very little consequence; but to say nothing of other matters contained in his communication, we think it may demand explanation why a Boston paper should publish such a piece of abuse of one of our most intelligent and worthiest merchants, and by implication, also, of those associated with him upon a committee for the transaction of public business, in which this city and the public at large are very much interested. So far as we have seen, the *Transcript* has taken no sides in this enterprise, and does not seem therefore, to have the excuse of opinions formed, or of partisan feelings; but as soon as a person so notorious as Mr. Craig is, comes forward in personal assault upon reputable citizens of Boston, that paper opens its columns to give it currency.

We have a word to say, too, about the appearance of this worthless article in the *Transcript*, in another point of view. It was offered to be read by Mr. Hubbard before the Legislative Committee, who declined to admit it. And well they might, for Mr. Craig had ample notice of all charges, imputations, and what not, against him, and had full opportunity, and some might think the strongest reasons to be present and repel them, if unfounded or erroneous. But though his presence was promised he did not appear. Yet he sends an affidavit, of the character described, which appears upon the outside of the *Evening Transcript*, on the same day that it is rejected by the Committee. Occupying so much space as it does, it is manifest that it must have been furnished that paper for publication, before it was offered in evidence to the Committee. We do not know by whom this was furnished, though counsel certainly should keep such documents in their own control; but we can say that such a mode of proceeding is, to say the least of it, a little unusual, and that the occurrence in all its aspects is one, in which we believe there are not many who would like to be engaged.—*Boston Courier.*

BOOKS IN BOSTON.

I suppose that you have noticed most of the books which I shall mention in this article: still you will allow me to have my say, particularly, as I intend to make it brief. It will be as sincere as brief.

A book from a Publisher seems a bribe. And to poor fellows, like myself, who have very little hard cash, or even current paper, to pay for books, yet who long for books, and cannot but read—at least *have* them—it might appear as if Satan could take no better form in order to tempt a man to sell his soul, than the form of a publisher bestowing books in exchange for favorable opinions. I take this opportunity to do equal justice to publishers and to men of my class. I know from my own experience that publishers do not seek to bribe opinion in the gift of books; and moreover, I know that men of my class are not to be bribed by the gift of books, or by any other gift. Publishers have, indeed, to give much of their stock away, with small hope of having even opinions in return, good or bad. Many books on my shelves strike me, as I gaze on them, with remorse: they were given to me, yet I have never been able to say a word about them; for I have not that enviable faculty of which Sydney Smith speaks—the ability to review a book without reading it.

Now to begin my work in real earnest. Ticknor & Fields I take first in order, as their books first reached me—but, indeed, their books are to my humble shelves a constant stream.

"ROBERTSON'S LECTURES AND ADDRESSES" catches my eye in the foreground, and I ask myself, What was the power—what was the charm of this man, Robertson? He had not massiveness, compass, or subtlety of intellect. He had not amplitude or splendor of imagination. In the common acceptation of the words, he was not an artist, a scholar, or a thinker. What is it, then, that gives him his power in the world of religious literature? I say, in a single word, it was *sympathy*. It was, 1st—sympathy with a *sentiment*. This, however, would not have been sufficient. He had, 2dly—a deep sympathy with men, with men as individuals and as classes. Herein was his charm. It was so honest, too, so heart-born, that while Robertson's soul was blushing in his face with the heat of charity, as he spoke of the toiler or the pauper, the aristocrat reclining on his velvet cushion was stimulated into humanity, and imagined that the philanthrophy was entirely his own. Glorious effect of oratory—and of all oratory, glorious effect of pulpit oratory—since all pulpit-orators should be orators *of* and *for* Humanity. Among such orators, Robertson has a place that is marked, and that can never be forgotten. And to think—alas!—that he died in his prime, and that the world lost him, when it only had begun to listen to his music.

It seems a tremendous leap to jump from a *saint* to a *sewer*. Yet the distance is not so great as it is imagined. For a *sewer* to be noble in his office, ought to be a saint—and a saint to be grand in his sanctity ought to be a *sewer*. There is therefore a purity of Power which wonderfully moves one in ARAGO'S "BIOGRAPHIES." Never did man better than Arago, conceive the sanctity of science, and never did man more nobly expound it. It seemed as if he had a distinct mission, to be to the people the eloquent prophet, who was to explain to them the mysteries of scientific and abstract speculation. We feel in reading Arago that there is eloquence in the Calculus, and that a great geometer is a great poet. The English translators and critics impeach, in some degree, the fairness of his decisions on the claims of French and foreign genius: he is indeed an enthusiastic Frenchman, and taking this fact into account, his general impartiality is a matter of wonder, and one of the most admirable qualities of his genius. His discourses on Bailly and Carnot are master-pieces of grave eloquence, and of historical, as well as of scientific criticism.

Is the transition too rapid—to pass from an orator to a singer—from the man who carries us upward to the heights of his great argument, to the woman who leads us inward, and down to the depths of her impassioned heart? Whether this transition is or is not in the order of propriety, I venture to make it, and to pass from Francois Arago's orations to "FRANCES KEMBLE'S Poems." Mrs. Kemble is so superlatively great as an interpreter of Shakespeare, that any other excellence of her's seems lost in this absorbing power. Most educated persons imagine that they can *read*. But Mrs. Kemble appears as if she was born to show what a miracle of soul and art true reading is. Without native inspiration or cultivated discipline, numbers make attempts at public reading; but when three months' teaching in drawing will enable a clown to paint like Raphael, most of these people will read like Fanny Kemble. In contrast with this impressive faculty, and with the magnetism of her imperial personality, her genius, as put into the silent and the printed letter, has hardly a chance of justice. Yet the very quality which gives grandeur to her reading may also be felt in her poems. That quality is impassioned sensibility, with which has been connected an individual experience, into which the stranger or the critic must not dare to enter. The impassioned sensibility that we feel in her reading, we feel not less in her writing—it shrieks, and wails, and sobs, in her poems. They are, indeed, limited in compass; they want variety; they are not many-toned—but they are genuine utterances; the utterances of pain and anguish in the centre of the soul. They are strains of a sad "Psalm of Life," in which the low grief of "*The Mourner*" and the wild complaint of "*The De profundis clamavi*" seem to come together. If persons will read with adequate sympathy the poems in this volume called "Forsaken," "A Vision of *Life*," and "The Death-Song," they will, I think, enter into the spirit of my criticism, and acknowledge its truthfulness. The "Vision of Life" is, I admit, not *all life*, but on the dark side it has fierce and fearful strength of conception and of expression; "Forsaken" breathes the spirit of despondency, and "The Death-Song" is the music of despair.

"THE LIFE OF DOUGLAS JERROLD," by his Son, is a book which, of course, every person will read. The son, with a spirit of affection worthy of all commendation, endeavors to bring into loving notice the serious and generous elements of his father's nature. This is a pious task, and deserves the utmost respect. Whether it will, in any degree, change the general impression of the public, I cannot say. I knew Jerrold only slightly—mainly, indeed, as the writer of some amusing stories, and the reported sayer of things more remarkable for malice than for wit, which it required a habit of perverse ingenuity to conceive, and the utmost hardihood of face to express. Next to the astonishment which one feels that any man should say such things, is that any man should praise them. Indeed, the real wonder is that if Jerrold did actually say the words ascribed to him—he was not early kicked out of civilized society or pounded into a jelly by strong-fisted antagonists. As a mere individual, I am willing to believe all the good which his son or his friends state of him, but the public will always judge a man by the collective impression which his writings, and the *idea* of his character, leave on the general imagination. Right or wrong, false or true, I do not remember in all history a single case in which this has ever been reversed. Voltaire did generous and charitable deeds; he worked indefatigably and braved no small amount of danger in favor of the unhappy Calles family—but no amount of exposition will ever persuade the world to regard him as a serious or an earnest man. Yet the world does so regard Rousseau—a man immeasurably inferior in character to Voltaire, and by his own painting, morally disgusting and despicable. It has been demonstrated that Robespierre was *not* the monster which he had been imagined, and that he had to bear the infamy of atrocities committed in his name. But despite of logic, his memory will be to humanity an everlasting execration. The philosophy of these traditional and popular verdicts I have no time to examine, and if I had, you could not afford space for the examination. Still I believe that they are according to a settled law, and that, at the bottom, the law is founded on truth. In the teeth, therefore, of this genial and loving biography, the public will think of Jerrold as they have for years thought of him—as a litterateur "about town"—as a sayer of sharp sayings, and as a writer of farcical satire. If this impression is erroneous, I hope the public will discover its mistake, and give all due honor to the merit of the man.

"SALA'S JOURNEY DUE NORTH" is, I suppose, by this time fully disposed of by the press, and entirely familiar to the public; but it is pleasantly new to me. Not long since it kept me in a state of most pleasant exhilaration in "A Journey due West," over sweeps of railroad in the lonely wilderness. The style has a clear ring in it; the wit is rich; the humor is as fat and juicy as the kettles of soup over which Sancho Panza so much rejoiced at Camacho's wedding; but what beats everything else in the book, except its descriptive talent, is the audacity, the sublimity, the majesty of its impudence.

Another list of books lies before me from the publishing house of Phillips, Sampson & Co.; but as this article is already longer than it ought to be, I will reserve what I have to say of them till next week.

HENRY GILES.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA ON BEES.

In the very high commendation we lately gave to the *New American Cyclopædia*, we said there were some things, as the articles on scientific agriculture, agricultural chemistry, etc., which we should have preferred to change had they been submitted to us. With these articles we must class those on *bees* and *bee-keeping*, which are decidedly defective and behind the age. We judge from these articles that the writer was entirely indebted to *books* for his facts, and that he had not access to the latest authorities, either in the practical or theoretical department. Only thus can we explain the absence of all allusion to Langstroth, Dzierson, Von Berlepsch, and Von Siebold, and to the discovery of the Italian or Virgilian bee, which has recently found such favor in Germany, and the failure even to mention the subject of *Parthenogen*. And then, some of the statements and opinions expressed in the article, seem to us quite wide of the mark. The writer says the queen "is easily recognised by the *slowness* of her march." On the contrary, we have often been struck with the *rapidity* with which she moves through the crowd of workers, her long legs fitting her to make better progress than they.

"If she be removed from the hive, the whole swarm will follow her." A swarm of bees will follow and cluster around a queen when on their flight in search of a new home. But we doubt whether the bees of a hive would leave it to seek a queen that had been quietly taken from them. They certainly do not follow her in any considerable numbers in her flight to seek the drones; and in attempting to force swarms, we find that many bees will remain on the brood comb after the queen has gone.

"It is inferred that bees have an *imperfect sense of taste and smell*, from their collecting honey indiscriminately from sweet scented and offensive flowers." Perhaps it *is* inferred; but there are a score of facts to show that their sense of smell, at least, is far from being imperfect. Some odors are exceedingly offensive to them, and others attract them speedily.

The use of drones is "*only* to impregnate the females, and *secondarily* to supply food to the swallows and *carnivorous* insects which prey upon them when they take their midday flights." If they serve only one purpose, there is no need of "secondarily." But what are *carnivorous* insects? "Carnivorous" means eating or feeding on flesh, and we think a drone can fairly claim to be "neither fish, *flesh*, nor fowl." Besides, there's another use; *toads* eat them, and toads are not carnivorous *insects*.

"The eggs producing workers are deposited in six-sided horizontal cells; the cells of the drones are *somewhat irregular* in their form, and those of the queens are large, circular, and hang perpendicularly." Does this writer understand his subject when he makes such a comparison between worker and drone cells? If he has seen cells "somewhat irregular in form" used for drone brood, he has certainly made a discovery.

During the construction of the royal cells "the queen lays the eggs of workers, and *when they are finished*, she deposits a single egg in each, at one or two days' interval, worker eggs being laid in the interval." Perhaps so; only we do not believe it. We do not know of an observer who has ever seen a queen-cell carried on to its completion before an egg was placed in it. Indeed, we think the queen would be somewhat puzzled to lay the egg after the cell was finished; it would need to be laid on the outside.

"How workers that lay eggs become impregnated, has not been ascertained. The eggs thus produced are always those of males; this (!!) is accounted for, by their having passed their grub state in cells contiguous to the royal ones." Not a very satisfactory explanation of a mystery.

The results of *weighing* hives "go to prove that the bee-keepers should have some means of ascertaining the weight of his hives daily throughout the season." Not at all. It is interesting as a matter of fact to know how much or how little honey is accumulated from day to day; and if anybody can spend time to ascertain, we shall be glad to publish results; but an apiarist can find a much better use for his time than to weigh every hive, morning and evening, and record the result. We should as soon advise a farmer to make an hourly record of the state of his barometer.—*Am. Agriculturalist.*

MELANCHOLY CONSEQUENCE OF WRITING FOR APPLETONS' CYCLOPEDIA.

A respectable gentleman in Hartford, named Brockett, the son of a clergyman, and the member of a church himself, who had maintained a good character, was arrested last week for committing a good many forgeries. After his villanies were discovered, it was found that he had been engaged in writing articles for Appletons' Cyclopædia, and that he was driven by his necessities to commit the crime for which he has been arrested. When it is known that the rate of remuneration on the Cyclopedia is but two dollars a page, it will not be surprising that one of its contributors was driven to the perpetration of so dreadful a crime.—*Sunday Courier.*

— Vice-Chancellor Wood has laid down the law in England, that an author has no copyright in facts. The only monopoly a writer can have in the facts he discovers must arise from his skill in using them.

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 26, 1859.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE EXCELLENCE OF THIS WEEK'S SATURDAY PRESS.

If our paper for this week were filled up with politics, religion, love, murder, rape, seduction, prize-fights, personal quarrels, etc., etc., we should have no occasion to apologize for it. It is more likely that in that case we should have to print two or three extra editions. But as a large portion of our limited space is given up to a record of what is going on here and abroad in the World of Thought—in other words, to the most complete and interesting list of new and forthcoming publications which can be found in the world,—we do humbly apologise, and, though we can make no promises of future amendment, do earnestly crave our readers' kind indulgence.

It is our misfortune, however, to believe that authors and authoresses are quite as important a class of people as tradesmen, politicians, stock-jobbers, prize-fighters, murderers, thieves, etc., whose proceedings, to the all but total exclusion of everything else, fill up most of our journals.

"MERCANTILE AGENCIES; OR, THE JAPANESE SPY-SYSTEM IN NEW YORK, No. IV.," is unavoidably postponed until next week.

BALZAC.

On our fourth page will be found the substance of a long and elaborate article, by Mr. H. F. Tuckerman, of this city, on BALZAC. It is written in the doleful Dundreary style of the otherwise clever author, but is nevertheless quite readable on account of the interest which attaches to the subject matter.

We hardly know whether to credit the article to the magazine in which it originally appeared or not, for we found it so full of every species of typographical error—not only in the French portion of it, where, as the editors of the said magazine could hardly be expected to know anything of any language but their own (whatever that is), errors would of course abound, but even in the English portion—that in reprinting it in the columns of THE SATURDAY PRESS, we have had to pay the printer about as much for corrections as for composition, thus making the thing, as it were, our own property, by right of "improvement."

Moreover, in addition to the direct pecuniary expense in which, owing to the negligence (or the ignorance) of others, the article has involved us, we have been obliged to expend an amount of time and labor upon it, to which, after careful perusal, and reperusal, we find that it was not at all entitled.

After this, we may as well say that the article is taken from the February number of *The Southern Literary Messenger*.

THE HOME JOURNAL AND MR. THACKERAY.

When a journal inadvertently allows a personal calumny to appear in its columns, care should be taken to publish the correction as prominently as it published the calumny. If the *Home Journal* had done this in the case of its London correspondent's recent attack upon Mr. Thackeray (written by Mr. P. T. Barnum, at the instigation of Mr. Yates), we should not have overlooked the *amende honorable* which promptly appeared in its next issue, in the following terms:—"We were very sorry to see the needless attack on Thackeray in the London letter, published last week. We did not notice it until the paper had gone to press, and too late for correction. We disagree in opinion entirely with the writer, and will not print any more of his communications."

PATRIOTISM.

MR. EVERETT is advertised to repeat his Oration on the character of WASHINGTON, at the Academy of Music, next Friday evening. The 71st Regiment will escort Mr. Everett from the Everett House to the Academy and back, attended by Dodworth's band and a crowd of small boys. The Cards of Admission are beautifully got up, being printed in glowing colors, and presenting artistic likenesses of Washington and—Mr. Everett. These Cards need not be given up at the door. The number of persons admitted will be limited to the capacity of the house. At Laura Keene's, the farce of "Our American Cousin" is followed by "A series of Pictures, simple and unpretending in their nature, and designed as a slight illustration of the Life of Washington, and consisting of the following: Washington as a Surveyor—Washington as a Farmer—Washington as a Son—Washington as a General."

NEW LITERARY STYLE.

It is reported in Literary Squares, Printing-House and other ("Circles" are getting outof date), that Mr. Everett is about writing a new "Life of Washington," to be written in the Bonnerian style, thus:

George Washington, George Washington, George Washington; The Father, The Father, The Father; of his Country, of his Country, of his Country; was born, was born, was born; on the 22d, on the 22d, on the 22d; of February, of February, of February; A. D., A. D., A. D.; 1732, 1732, 1732; etc., etc., etc.; the work to extend through four thousand volumes, and a contract to be made with the government to have it adopted as a text-book in all the primary schools in the country. We trust that Mr. Everett, Mr. Everett, Mr. Everett, will make his Life, his Life, his Life, more interesting, more interesting, more interesting, than his Oration, Oration, Oration.

— We have long been convinced that no Frenchman can ever learn to write a word of English correctly; a new proof of this is furnished us by the publisher of the "*Bibliographie de la France*," Paris, who persists in sending us that valuable journal with the following printed address:—"*M. Chapp jeune, editor of the Saturday, 9 Spruce street, à New York (Etats Unis).*" We look upon it as a miracle that he got the street right.

— Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Boston, are about to bring out a new volume of poetry, by Mr. John G. Saxe, entitled "*The Money King, and other Poems.*"

— Mr. Alfred B. Street of Albany, is engaged in completing a new poem, which will probably be published in April or May.

— Derby & Jackson are about to issue a new and elegant edition of Boswell's Johnson. Of the work itself, after its sixty years or more of popularity, it is unnecessary to speak.

— Mr. William H. Burleigh—poet, orator, and politician, but, above all, poet—is preparing a new volume of his poems for publication.

The *Dial*, long announced in London as the daily paper that is to annihilate the *Times*, will, it is stated, positively appear with the first parliamentary proceedings. The *Dial* will complete the number of London daily papers to twenty—fourteen morning, and six evening; the *Sun* was to have eclipsed the *Times*, but the result was a total eclipse of the *Sun*.

— M. Lepsius has just brought out at Leipsic, in magnificent style, his long expected work on the chronology of the Egyptian kings. It is entitled *Le Livre des Rois des anciens Egyptiens* (The Book of the Kings of the ancient Egyptians), and contains among other things, synoptical tables of the history of the kings of Egypt anterior to the *listes des Grecs*, and all the names of the kings and princes which figure in the hieroglyphic inscriptions. The price of the work is about twelve dollars.

— The French journals announce a work by M. Theophile Gautier, entitled "*Histoire de l' Art Dramatique de France, depuis vingt-cinq ans*" (History of Dramatic Art in France for the last twenty-five years). Three volumes of it have already appeared.

— Mr. Samuel Lucas, well known in the literary world as the first editor of the London *Press*, and the present literary critic of *The Times*, has been appointed Distributor of Stamps for the County of Derby.

— The State Library at Berlin has just purchased, for about $500, a copy of the first folio edition of *Shakspeare*, published in 1623.

CHESS.

Replies and Remarks.

— We are delighted to be able to reciprocate the kind remarks made by the *Saturday Evening Gazette* in reference to the SATURDAY PRESS. There is no chess-publishing journal which we open with more interest than the *Gazette*. Its gentlemanly tone, its carefully written articles, and its uniform typographical neatness, certainly place it in the front rank of American chess columns.

— The line of the New York Central Railroad seems to be ablaze with the fires of chess. The inhabitants of that chain of cities which stretches the whole length of the State, appear to employ a large quantity of the lightning that courses through their telegraphic wires in checkmating each other. Syracuse, especially, is evidently intent upon blasting (with the before-mentioned lightning) the chess reputations of her sister towns. And thus far she has been very successful. The Syracuse club has played a dozen or more telegraphic games with Utica, with Rochester, with Auburn, with Suspension Bridge, and with Salina, of which the city of salt has won a large majority. A match is now pending with Buffalo.

— The *Chess Monthly* for March is published to-day. It contains an admirable likeness (on stone) of Paul Morphy, seven beautiful games at odds by M'Donnell, a number of Morphy's contests with Andersen, Harrwitz, and others, with full notes, a Sketch, illustrated by some of Loyd's stratagems, entitled *Charles XII. at Bender*, and eight original problems.

— The position which we publish in this number is one of Mr. Loyd's earliest conceptions, although never before published. Its author commences the publication of a chess column in this week's *Musical World*.

— Cowley's *Ode to Destiny* commences with the following lines:

> "Strange and unnatural! let us stay and see
> This pageant of a prodigy.
> Lo! of themselves, th' enliven'd chess-men move,
> Lo! the unbred, ill-organ'd pieces prove
> As full of art and industry,
> Of courage, and of policy,
> As we ourselves, who think there's nothing wise but we.
> Here a proud Pawn I admire,
> That, still advancing higher,
> At top of all became
> Another thing and name.
> Here I'm amazed at th' actions of a Knight,
> That does bold wonders in the fight.
> Here I the losing party blame
> For those false moves that break the game;
> That to their grave, the bag, the conquer'd pieces bring,
> And above all, th' ill conduct of the mated King."

— Although the unpersonable virtue of the SATURDAY PRESS revolts at the lawless deception described in the following anecdote, yet it is too amusing to be omitted. It was told some years since by the humorous C. H. B.:

"Talking of racing in the same breath with chess-playing, reminds us forcibly of the way in which an old friend of ours (Mr. R.) used to queen a Pawn when a little behind time. On such occasions we have frequently observed him to effect that desirable object in three moves from the starting-point; and once, when much pressed by an antagonist, whose visual organs were somewhat defective, we were fortunate enough to witness his accomplishment of the feat in *two*, thus: for his first move he plays 'Q. R. P. *three squares and a half*' (placing it on the line of division between the two squares); while his adversary was considering his reply, our friend quietly '*adoubes*' his prodigy of a Pawn one square further; and on his turn to play again coming round, jumps the Pawn to the eighth square of the board, and demands a Queen! The resigned air with which Mr. R.'s victim shortly afterwards began resetting the pieces was not the least amusing part of the scene."

— *C. C. M.*, of Winona, is assured that this journal is sent to the *Republican* with regularity.

— We replied to the favor of *J. A. P.* on Wednesday.

— A note has been addressed to *D. B. T.* at the office of his journal. We hope to hear from him again.

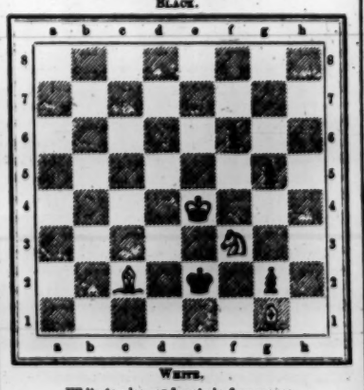
— The stratagems of our contemporaries seem to be generally less correct than last week. *Saturday Evening Gazette*, 43, by E. J. W., is incorrect. *Evening Bulletin*, 19, by P., is very simple, and 20, by B. L., seems to be sound. *Frank Leslie*, 184, by J. E., is an excellent conception. *Albion*, 537, by W. W. is faulty. *Porter's Spirit*, 13, by S., is also incorrect. *Lynn News*, 52, by W. C., is accurate but easy. *Missouri Democrat*, 15, by J. W., is not difficult. *Cincinnati Dispatch*, 36, by S., is very neat. *Baltimore Dispatch*, 35, by C. C. M., is good in every way. *Syracuse Standard*, 72, by W. O. F., is erroneous, but the *Winona Republican*, 44, by the same composer, is admirable. *Missouri Statesman*, 6, by T. M. B., is a masterly composition. *Illustrated News*, 780, by "Stella," is weak in some of the variations. *News of the World*, 13, by F. H., is sound. *Cassel's Illustrated Paper*, 100, by H. T., is good. *London Journal*, 6, by H. J. H., is correct but not original. *Reynolds' Miscellany*, 9, by R. W., is not correct.

— Solutions to the SATURDAY PRESS Problems. We give the key-moves to our latest stratagems. No. X., by J. G., 1. Q h7—c7; No. XI., by A. A., 1. Q f2—d4; No. XII., by T. J. W., 1. R c8—c8†; No. XIII., by S. L., Q e1—a1:; No. XIV., by O. W., 1. c5—c6†; No. XV., "Stella," 1. K d3—c2; No. XVI., by J. G. D., 1. B e3—f2; No. XVII., by H. F. V., 1. Q h1—a8:.

PROBLEM NO. 18.

By Mr. S. Loyd, of Florence, N. J.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

THE BOOK OF THE CONGRESS.

The last forms of this long-expected and long-delayed volume are now rapidly passing through the hands of the stereotyper. It is to be published by Rudd & Carleton, of this city, and will be adorned with an accurate portrait of Paul Morphy, and with a magnificent unpublished stratagem by Mr. Eugene B. Cook, in sixty-eight moves, engraved and printed in colors. Its contents will be more varied than any chess work which we have seen. It will comprise:

I. A history of chess from its origin to the middle of the nineteenth century. This is, we believe, the first attempt at a regular, chronological history of the game.

II. The proceedings preparatory to the Congress, including the prospectus, laws, etc.

III. The proceedings of the Congress, being a diary of the doings of that important and brilliant assemblage, from the first day to the last.

IV. The banquet of the Congress, its speeches, songs, and incidents.

V. Reports and communications, among which are the learned Report on the Code by Mr. George Allen, Professor of Greek in the University of Pennsylvania, and a new analysis of the Pawn and Move opening, from the able pen of Mr. Löwenthal, of London.

VI. The games in the Grand Tournament, profusely illustrated by notes (in part by Paul Morphy) and diagrams.

VII. The blindfold contests of Mr. Louis Paulsen and Mr. Paul Morphy.

VIII. Upwards of fifty elegant stratagems, half of which are original, and the remainder selected from the best problems of the best American masters. These are preceded by an interesting report on the Problem Tourney, by Mr. Eugene B. Cook.

IX. Incidents in the history of American chess. In this chapter we have the chess lives of Franklin and Burr; a full account of the career of the famous Automaton in America; a description of a remarkable chess manuscript written in New York one hundred and twenty-five years since, and which has lately come to light; chronicles of chess in Philadelphia, Boston, New York, and other cities; a narrative of Löwenthal's visit to America, contributed by himself; an Essay on the chess literature of the United States; several of the most important games played in this country during the last twenty years; numerous anecdotes; and finally, a complete history of Paul Morphy's life and career, embracing a selection of his finest European contests.

X. The list of subscribers, solutions to the problems, and a reliable index.

The Book will be much larger than Staunton's *Handbook*, and its typographical execution will be in every respect praiseworthy. The Editor has been kindly assisted in its preparation by some of the ablest chess writers of America and Europe. And it is to be hoped that every American lover of the royal sport of which it treats will find it a useful and interesting addition to his library.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC. HIAWATHA. *A Romantic Symphony, in Two Parts. Composed by* ROBERT STOEPEL. *The words from* LONGFELLOW'S *Poem. The vocal solo music sung by Mrs.* HARWOOD *(soprano); Mr.* MIELKE *(tenor); Mr.* GUILMETTE *(baritone). The choruses sung by the* MENDELSOHN UNION.

I always thought that the ancient Athenians were quite right in ostracising Mr. Erastus Brooks's friend Aristides. There is such a thing as being too good. For this reason, I cannot agree with my musical friend of the *Times*, or the galvano-electrical critic of the *Tribune*, in abusing the Modern Athenians because they declined to hear Mr. Stoepel's HIAWATHA. They are clever, those Bostonians. They communed, one with another, in this wise: "Readings are bores; symphonies, sleepy; oratorios, awful. The latter we must sustain, because the Handel and Haydn people belong to us, like the Frog Pond, and the Parker House, and then it is a nice place to go to on Sunday evenings, when the theatres are shut. Now here is this young man Stoepel, who wants us to listen to his Symphony of Hiawatha, which remarkable, and astonishing, and altogether Bostonian poem has been served up to us like as Mr. Higgins's oysters have been served up to us, in every style. There is certainly no law against Mr. Stoepel's doing his Symphony here; likewise there is no provision in the Revised Statutes to compel us to go and hear. If such a law existed," remarks young Mr. Coke, who is a wit in his small way, "it might be declared null, under that section of the Constitution which provides that no cruel or unusual punishments shall be inflicted." So no one except Mr. Longfellow and the critic of the *Courier* troubled himself about Hiawatha in Boston. Famine fell on Hiawatha, and Minnehaha was, to use a familiar expression, down in the mouth. Defeated in the provinces, the composer fell back upon the metropolis, which sustained him, moderately. I say moderately, for a great part of the audience at the Academy of Music, on Monday, had the peculiar air of persons who get their amusement as they obtain religion at a prayer-meeting, without money and without price. I don't mean that they were amateurs, professors, or *dilettanti*, but rather persons picked up as they found the wedding guests in the parable—gentlemen whose waking hours are spent in the practice of the ennobling science of selling dry goods, and ladies whose devotion to art depends materially upon whether Mrs. Brown over the way, will let her little girl mount guard over the baby. The newspapers were fully represented—the men had generally had a look at the score—and here and there I could see a scout from the fashionable world, sent to report as to whether or not the thing was worth going to hear. I don't believe that people staid away because the work was written here, as the *Times* and *Tribune* argue. I don't believe that Felicien David's *Desert* would bring so many people together, even with free tickets. For, be it remembered, that, strictly speaking, symphonies are bores. They are written almost always to gratify the egotism or heighten the reputation of the composer. No money ever comes from them. Of course I refer now to symphonies which take up the whole of an evening in their performance. They are generally so elaborate as to keep one's mental faculties upon a constant strain, and that is not nice. Paterfamilias goes to sleep, and Madame counts up the cost of the bonnets in her vicinity. Anna Maria cannot flirt with young Whiskers, because there is a fanatic behind her who beats time with his toes, and says hush! whenever the Dear One opens the ruby gates.

Having now relieved my mind upon the question as to why people did not go to hear Mr. Stoepel's music, let me examine the further question, as to what he had provided for them.

Hiawatha is an Indian Symphony. The Indians had a great many, as Dr. Hawks will tell you in his next ethnological paper. There is one very much like Hiawatha. It is a touching narrative of one Brown,—John Brown. The introduction has the grand simplicity which deifies common things. The person, Brown, "had," says the poet, "a little Indian, had a little Indian, had a little Indian, had a little Indian boy." The poem is written in the style introduced by the author of the Battle of the Nile, successfully imitated by Bonner in his advertisements, and by Mr. Longfellow in Hiawatha. Thus we are told many times that John Brown had a little Indian; in the nautical poem, the bard is never done saying "I was there all the while." The *Herald* informs us that "everybody reads it," four hundred times, and the endless repetitions in Hiawatha must have been as wearisome to the printer as they are tiresome to the reader.

The music of John Brown is simple, but vigorous. It commences with an andante movement expressive of the youth of the Indian and the joy of Brown at his possession, and after a few bars comes to a sharp close on "boy," a square specimen of contrapuntal writing, descriptive of the brevity of the youthful savage and the bounding elasticity of the morning of existence. In the elaboration of the esthetic effects, it is superior to the Battle of the Nile itself. Perhaps you don't like this style of criticism. It is the real thing, I can tell you. But, as comparisons are odoriferous, I shall not institute one between John Brown and Hiawatha. The latter is really a very creditable work. The instrumental music is admirably done. No. 5, "The Fight with Mudjeewawkis," commencing with a war song, which is more Scotch than Indian, and culminating with a tremendous row among all the instruments, is very fine. The orchestral part of No. 18, the transition of the seasons, is very pretty, though not quite new. In fact, the writing for the orchestra was an agreeable surprise to everybody. It was admirably played, too, the composer conducting in person and keeping the fiddlers well in hand. As for the vocal score, I am not able to commend it, neither can I condemn it. The tenor has two solos; the soprano, two; the baritone, one; there is a trio for three voices, and there are six choruses. I believe that the vocal score is weak, but the singers were not good enough to justify an opinion of that kind. The Mendelssohn Union, if not on positively bad terms with some of the choruses, had only a slight acquaintance with them, and the performance suffered from a cause which I pointed out three weeks ago. The Mendelssohn people are strong in sopranos, but weak in tenors and basses. It was almost impossible to hear the male voices. The best chorus, however, the Harvest, was well sung, and got an encore, which was fully deserved. I hope no one will think I undervalue the labors of the Union. They are now far ahead of the older societies, and have learned the real secret of chorus singing, exact time. Voice and ear come by nature, but time only by severe practice.

The solo singers are pretty well known. I was disappointed in Mrs. Harwood, who has a great Boston reputation. She has a good choir voice, and sings in tune. Her executive resources are only moderate, and her musical enunciation is very indistinct and slovenly. She had that peculiarly animated expression of countenance which is so embiddy Bostonian, and which makes one think of the granite pillars in front of the Court House. I don't say that Mrs. Harwood thought it was a bore, but she looked exactly as I would have felt if I had thought so. Millard was amusing. He has all the airs of a fine tenor, without the voice or education. Anna Maria says he's not to part his hair in the middle, because he's not a bit like Marie. Dr. Guilmette was a good deal like Dr. Guilmette, and Dr. Guilmette is careful that the public shall not forget what Dr. Guilmette is like. He knew the music, however, and sang it very well.

The musical summing up of this Court would be that Mr. Stoepel has written a fine work, which haunted them a season, of course that his orchestra was excellent, his chorus better than usual, and his singers moderate. Altogether, that several more rehearsals are needed before the next performance.

I am not naturally an enthusiastic person; it is not my custom to rush into people's arms, but I think if I had room enough I could get up a little burst for Mrs. Harwood-Stoepel's reading of the bits of the poem, which came in like silver bars in the golden tracery of the music. The lady mastered the trochaics, and gave the lines with exquisite clearness, delicious vocal modulation, and profound simplicity. When she laughed with Min-ne-ha-ha, it was really the music of the falling waters; flirting with Hiawatha was a combination of the tender tremulousness and Eve-like archness which the poet gives the rustic maiden. But she don't have it. I suppose it is the railways, but at any rate the rustic maiden is not simple. Give the rustic maiden genius without a bank account, and a stock broker with one, and she takes the latter. So she is not simple; she is clever. But to go back a block or two. The Heron was splendid, in every way; proud, happy, handsome, and much applauded. It was *Camille* cured by Dr. Green's probang, converted by Doctor Cheever, and *Armand* making a grand *coup* for fame. She wore, says A. M., a brown *moire antique*, with a point lace collar, a diamond cross, and a wrapper of real point lace, lined with blue silk. Mrs. Harwood wore a white *moire* evening dress. The Editor thought there might have been a little *more* of it about the shoulders, but A. M. couldn't see the joke.

The performance was long, but not a bore, by any means. I am very glad to hear that it is to be given on Wednesday of next week. I shall certainly hear it again.

Washington in a Blaze of Glory.

The *Peter Patriz* has suffered a great deal lately, but the crowning act of Martyrdom was when he fell into the hands of Miss Laura Keene, who dished him up in a series of *tableaux* on Monday. Whiskers, who had been dining out, remonstrated with me upon this and other matters connected with Washington. "You know," said the lively youth, "whatever they may say, that he was a gentleman, and he really wouldn't like this sort of thing;" as for the *tableaux*, they were well enough, except the third, "Washington as a son." The rigid expression of the grandmother of her country, combined with a sudden uplifting of her hand, and a change in the position of George, gives one the idea that he is going to be spanked, but he is only blessed, which is a relief. They had another *tableau* about him at the Broadway, and Mr. Brougham has put him in a drama for the Bowery. It is just barely possible to have too much of this sort of thing.

Mere Mention.

Burton has sent word from Cuba, to his ever faithful Moore, to close the "most magnificent temple in the universe," and closed it is. "Our Female American Cousin" will, doubtless, proceed to astonish the provinces. Burton denies the rumor that he was driving a volante and flirting with the signoritas on the Alameda.

The Western Sisters have been playing at the Broadway. Mr. Eddy announces his Shakesperian play without naming the title. It is said to be Antony and Cleopatra. Mr. H. Pearson is reengaged here.

They tried the American Cousin at the National, and it did not draw. Miss Keene brought a suit against Purdy, in the Common Pleas, to try the question of property in the MS.; as neat an absurdity as the copyright dodge. The piece was withdrawn and the defence abandoned. How Miss Keene could get an injunction against Mrs. Silsbee's property, passes my comprehension.

They are still having a good time with *The Veteran* at Wallack's. Mr. Wallack will shortly be presented with a piece of plate by the artists of the company.

Mr. Goulduck, who plays *Abel Murcot* so well, is to have his benefit at Laura Keene's this evening.

Mr. Bennett, the stage manager at Laura Keene's, has been very ill of rheumatism, and his part is played by Mr. Varrey.

The Editor of this paper has seen "Our American Cousin." He is convalescing, but is cautioned against any similar imprudence in future.

Things that "Nobody" Knows.

That retiring person, Mistress Frances Anne Kemble, has again disappeared from public life, so far as Dodworth's Rooms represent it. She made a very pathetic speech about some flowers which had been sent to her anonymously, and the *Home Journal* says there was scarcely a dry eye in the house. Not enjoying the felicity of being among the mourners on the melancholy occasion, may I request the privilege of a little private cry on my own account?

Mr. Jacob Barrow, the rotund spouse of the eminent actress and agreeable woman, Mrs. Barrow, intends to reöpen the Howard Athenæum, Boston, very soon. He has engaged one of our very best artists, Mr. Charles Walcot.

The amateur performance in aid of the Dramatic Fund Association has been definitely fixed for the 20th April, at the Academy of Music. The programme will include a comedy in three acts, "The Dark Hour before the Dawn," which is, *on dit*, taken from *La Main de Fer et le Gant de Velour*. The work in its present shape is from the skilful hands of Messrs. John Brougham and F. B. Goodrich. *Don Pasquale* will also be sung; the leading female *rôles*, in the comedy and the opera, will be sustained by two ladies who rotate in the upper circles, somewhere about Murray Hill. Their names are kept a profound secret—that is, no more than five hundred young women have been entrusted with it.

There is a report of Piccolomini's speech in response to the serenaders in front of the Troy House, as follows: "Shentlemen—I am veer mooch obligee for dis compliments. I am veer poore speak Anglish, unt I feels sleepy." Quite like it, no doubt.

Piccolomini arrived at Cincinnati on the 22d, and had a peep at the "gorgeous" hall which inaugurated Pike's Opera House; it appears, by the description, to be agreat deal like our Academy, only "more so" in the extreme elaboration of the decorations.

An enterprising person has advertised a new skirt, "The Piccolomini," which "can be taken to pieces." Is that intended as a hit at the critics of the fair prima donna?

Mr. Carl Gärtner is giving classical concerts in the *foyer* of the Philadelphia Academy. Who is Carl?

Brignoli has published an Album of his own composition, and all the young ladies are in raptures about it, except A. M., who has never got over a weakness for Tiberini. The Album is the finest work in the way of music printing I have ever seen. The composer was lately singing at St. Louis, with Mme. De Wilhorst, and others of the Strakosch troupe. The houses were full, and the manager in a state of blissful suspense. The season closed on Saturday last.

The provincial papers that appropriated my item about Miss Stoltz will be kind enough to correct an error of the types, which made me talk about the Carlo Felice at *Genoa* instead of Genoa.

Mayor Thomas, Governor Morgan, General Sandford, Deacon Harper, Peter Cooper, and several other celebrated musical amateurs, are going to give Mr. George Bristow a complimentary benefit at the Academy of Music next Thursday evening.

Miss Julia Dean Hayne must be a very good actress. A Savannah paper remarks that "her personation of *Lady Gay Spanker* was above criticism, which is all we need say about it." Quite a sensible idea that!

Mr. Strakosch's English is not so pure as his musical style. In announcing the opera at Chicago (22d) he says: "Mr. Strakosch regrets exceedingly of informing the public, that in consequence of a serious indisposition of Madame Cora de Wilhorst and Mr. Squires, caused by the fatigues of the voyage, *and in order to produce the opera with greater perfection*, the opening night announced for last evening, had to be unavoidably postponed." Pantaloon.

The Saturday Press Book List.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 12, 1859.

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St. Augustine. A Biographical Memoir. By the Rev. John Baillie. 16mo. 75 cents. New York: R. Carter & Brothers.

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BIBLIOGRAPHICAL.

Bibliotheca Americana. Catalogue of an extensive and valuable Collection of Books relating to America. Comprising Revolutionary, Local, and State Histories, Antiquities, Rare Historical Tracts, Early Voyages and Travels, Works on the Indians, and the War of 1812-15, American Biography, Magazines, Genealogies, Statistics, Gazetteers, and Geographies, etc., etc., etc. Many of which are enriched by the insertion of Autograph Letters, Extra Portraits, Newspaper Clippings, etc., from the Library of the Celebrated Antiquary, Collector, and Author, Samuel G. Drake, Esq., of Boston, with prices annexed. New York: J. W. Bouton & Co.

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"Promise of the Father; or, a Neglected Speciality of the Last Days," Addressed to the Clergy and Laity of all Christian communities. By the Author of "The Way of Holiness," etc., etc. 12mo., cloth. pp. 421. Boston: Henry V. Degen.

The Church Manual, containing important Historical Facts and Reminiscences connected with the Associate and Associated Reformed Churches, previous to their union as the United Presbyterian Church of North America. By the Rev. R. D. Harper, Pastor of the First United Presbyterian Church of Xenia, Ohio. Xenia: Fleming & Hamil.

Shakers; Compendium of the Origin, History, Principles, Rules and Regulations, Government and Doctrines, of the United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing, with Biographies of Ann Lee, William Lee, James Whittaker, J. Hocknett, J. Meacham, and Lucy Wright. By F. W. Evans. 1 vol 12mo. 75 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

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The Quarterly Review, No. CCIX.: The Cumberdale Papers; Sweden; The Counter Revolution; Pius VIII. and Gregory XVI.; Ireland; The Bishop's Lodging, Ford, and Dyce; Bell and Kaufmann; Sir Hudson's Memoirs; Italian.

Blackwood's Magazine, for February, No. CCLXVI.: A Bright View of Matters; Recollections of Charles Shirreff; Diary of Lady Willoughby; Memoirs of Lady Alice, by Walter Thornbury; The Maritime Heritage, a Proverb, by Henry Spicer, Esq.; The Author of "Proverbs"; "Blanket-an-Love"; Sir Henry Bulwer's Autobiography, by Fitz Herbert; The Dinner Question; The Commercial Room at W——; A Penniless in Kentucky; Saint Stout Never Won Fair Lady, by Dudley Costello (concluded); Up Among the Pandits, or the Personal Adventures and Experiences of a Policeman, being Sketches in India, taken on the spot; Fremont's History of Upper California.

The North British Review, for February: Algerine Literature of France; Carlyle's Frederick the Second; Pitt and the Pittites; Philosophy of Language; Sir Walter and Sir Roger; Reminiscences of Thomas Hood; Miscellaneous and Limits of Religious Thought; Regular Readership; Scottish Home Missions; Science; Recent Publications.

Fraser's Magazine, for February: Algerine Literature of France; Carlyle's Frederick the Second; Pitt and the Pittites; Philosophy of Language; Sir Walter and Sir Roger; Reminiscences of Thomas Hood; Miscellaneous and Limits of Religious Thought; Regular Readership; Scottish Home Missions; Science; Recent Publications.

Fraser's Magazine, for February: Heiress of Haddon's Hall, by Thomas Hughes; How I Stood in the Railway Market; Sketches of the Antipodes; Nobody Knows, a Tale of Modern Times, by C. J. Wight Melville, author of "Digby Grand," "The Interpreter," &c., part II.; Song of the Old Year, by Frederick Shaw; Sir Gladstone on Homer, by the Rev. Robert Shields, part VI.; Sabine Baring-Gould, by Thomas Hughes, part VI.; Buckland's Unchangeable Tendency; A Song for the Furies; On Flogging.

Blackwood's Magazine, for February: Carlyle—Mirage—Philosophy of Fredericks; How we went to Skye; Chronicles of Dustie; Popular Literature, part II.; The Portland Vase; Recollections; Manchester; Falsely Accused; Sketches and the Antipodes; A Cruise in Japanese Waters, part III.

Colburn's New Monthly Magazine, for February: British Critics; The Arctic Queen, by the author of "Ashley;" Sketches from Life, by W. Gilmore Kent; Mansfield's Life of Cromwell; Dorothy, by Miss Beale; Miscellaneous Literature; Fashions; Literary Notices; Memoirs, Letters, and Table Talk of Samuel Rogers; Poetry of the Month; Obituary; Recent Publications.

The Westminster Review, for March: The Russian Question; The Settlements of Australia, by M. Dimmery; Spices, by W. C. Gilpin; The Sixth Street Corner, by John D. Sherwood; Pulinda Disappointed; My Wife; Pitt and the Pittocracy; W. G. Spencer; Song from Goethe, by Beyard Taylor; Spirit Songs, by R. J. De Cordova; Idle Words; Something of "The Atlantic Monthly," by Duncan McLean; The World Watchman's Song; Book Notices; Editorial Narrative of the "Knickerbocker"; Editor's Table; Portrait of Editor's Table.

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AT THE GRAVE OF ROBERT BURNS.

[An Address to his Biographers.]

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

I.

Let him rest! Let him rest!
With the sod upon his breast;
The daisies grow above him, and the long sedge-grasses wave;—
What call or right have you,
Ye mercenary crew,
To lift the prying veil that shrouds him in his grave?
'Tis true the man could sing
Like lark in early spring,
Or tender nightingale, deep hidden in the bowers.
'Tis true that he was wise,
And that his heavenward eyes
Sage far beyond the clouds that dim this world of ours.
But is it yours, when dead,
To rake his narrow bed,
And peer into his heart for flaws, and spots, and stains?
And all because his voice
Bade multitudes rejoice,
And cheered humanity amid its griefs and pains?

II.

Let him rest! Let him rest!
The green earth on his breast;
And leave, oh leave, his fame unsullied by your breath!
Each day that passes by
What meaner mortals die,—
What thousand rain-drops fall into the sea of Death!
No vender of a tale,
His merchandise for sale,
Pries into evidence to show how mean were they;
No libel touches them;
No curious fools condemn:
Their human frailties sleep—for God, not man, to weigh.
And shall the Bard alone
Have all his follies known,—
Dug from the misty past to spice a needless book,—
That Envy may exclaim,
At mention of his name,
"The greatest are but small, however great they look."

III.

Let them rest, their sorrows o'er,
All the mighty bards of yore;
And if, ye grubbers up of scandals dead and gone,
Ye find amid the slime
Some sin of ancient time,
Some fault, or seeming fault, that Shakespeare might have done,
Some spot on Milton's truth,
Or Burn's glowing youth,
Some error not too small for microscopic gaze—
Shroud it in deepest gloom,
As on your father's tomb
You'd hush the evil tongues that spoke in his dispraise!
Shroud it in deepest night,
Or, if compelled to write,
Tell us the inspiring tale of perils overcome,
Of struggles for the good,
Of courage unsubdued;
But let their frailties rest, and on their faults be dumb!

(From the "Southern Literary Messenger" for February, 1850.)

BALZAC.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

. . . . . Honoré de Balzac (so called from St. Honoré, on whose *fête*-day he was born, at Tours, May 20th, 1799) died at Paris August 20th, 1850. One of his countrymen has thus frankly stated his anomalous position in the world of letters: "He commands the applause and admiration of a large portion of society, but is viewed with displeasure and disapprobation by the more stern and censorious; this arises, in a great measure, from the multiplicity and diversity of his contributions to the light literature of France; his earliest works, under the name of Horace St. Aubin, are poor and worthless; others are vicious and immoral; proofs can be quoted to justify the highest praise and blame; his diction is pure and beautiful; he is a profound and bold observer of human nature, and has a keen perception of the inmost emotions of the female heart; his power and delicacy of comprehension are extraordinary." Here we have united in the same verdict the most severe condemnation and the most exalted praise; the identical author is represented as reckless and unprincipled, yet Shakesperian in perspicuity and refined to elegance in style. . . . . .

Balzac's prevailing and even stern allegiance to the facts and phases of Parisian life is acknowledged; and the artist, critic, and scientific explorer, so predominate in him, that only a morbid imagination can admit conscious evil in his purpose. Whether it is desirable to record and examine, to illustrate and define the side of life and the forms of character which he so thoroughly studied, is another question; but admitting that they should be exhibited, known, considered, and understood—Balzac's method and genius eminently fitted him to be their expositor. . . . . .

Balzac's constitution was vigorous, and his temperament vivid, but his intellect was of that kind which demands work as a necessity; alone, sequestered with books, the labor might have proved unhealthy and the result morbid, but in contact with life, in an atmosphere of varied and active human interests, study and reflection alternated genially with sympathy and observation, and thus the removal of his family to Paris in 1818, was auspicious to the ardent and brooding youth. He soon became a busy yet cheerful scholar, was educated at the best schools, attended the lectures of the Sorbonne and the College of France; even at work, he often smiled, and from his eyes gleamed those intense glances which so mysteriously radiate a light at once spiritual and visual, and assure us of a soul endowed both to see, in the highest meaning of that function, and to *reveal*;—a perception that deals at once with the inward and the outward, and can not only discover the material, but penetrate beneath it to the idea, or sentiment, or use, of which it is the type and representative. And while these scintillations from the eyes, and this flexile, sweet, and expressive play of the lips, would have betrayed to a watchful friend, Balzac's rare affinities with humanity, his strong and well-built, almost sturdy frame, and broad and massive head, would have equally satisfied a physiologist that the energy, the will, and the physical resources were not wanting to render both his sympathies and his insight effective. . . . . .

It seems inevitable that when quickness and force of mind are exhibited without a decided proclivity for science or theology, a youth is destined by his guardians for the law, and equally a matter of course where a poetic tendency exists, that he repudiates or rather struggles with the purpose of his elders. It was thus with Ariosto and Alfieri, and with Cowper and Scott; and it was so with Balzac; he declared himself a votary of literature, and returned to his provincial home; Cromwell was the subject that first attracted him; his career had been a familiar theme in the family, and yielded them a kind of political manual; during this sojourn Balzac read much in the library of the town, mused, studied, built castles in the air; and his favorite pastime was to make new purchases on the Quai des Augustins to enrich his little library. He finally returned to Paris to try the precarious vocation of an author; long and painful was the ordeal; he was poorly lodged; he wrought incessantly; his nervous system was often irritated; he was a martyr to the toothache; yet a cheerful spirit compensated for these evils; he wrote sprightly letters to his sisters; amused himself with his nieces, whom he called mes gazelles; and while his eager and searching expression gave him a "wolfish look," his laugh was merry, and his will indomitable. The taste of the day in fiction was for rapid and exciting incident; the staple of romance was adventure; the dramatic scenes of Dumas were in the ascendant; plot was everything, character secondary; and above all the tone in vogue was superficial.

Balzac entered the field with a totally different inspiration; he wrote on the principle of the great artist—making a profound study instead of a brilliant sketch; his interest in his work was psychological, his grasp of a subject scientific; not content with producing effects, he aspired to reveal consciousness, to make his readers participate in the essential life, and not merely behold the outward experience of his characters. The conception was not less intense than the execution was conscientious; facts of life, phases of emotion, the inward struggle, the normal mood, were absolutely unfolded, and the circumstances by means of which this process was revealed, bore a relation to the mental picture itself such as a trellis bears to the vine—lifting fruit and blossoms to the light, but not superseding or overlaying them. This was an innovation; to follow such a guide, a deeper sympathy, and a more refined perception were requisite than the narrator of outward events demands; he presupposed an interest in the subtle workings of the heart and the silent operations of the mind, which the emasculated readers of his day could not at once realize; and at the same time, he thus erected a standard, hinted an ideal that, if once recognised, would make the novelist's task as metaphysical as it had previously been picturesque and melo-dramatic.

Accordingly the experiment was coldly received. The critics failed to perceive what a significance lay in the very attempt to go below the phenomena and delineate the moral experience; the gaze accustomed to the camera-obscura and the kaleidoscope—swiftly moving shadows and dazzling combinations—did not readily adapt itself to a microscopic lens which revealed the elements instead of the panorama of human existence. The talent heretofore available as capital in the world of literary entertainment was pictorial; Balzac boldly ventured to invest in the analytical, which was his speciality and his mission; but he found, like the English poet who went back to Nature, after rhetoric had intensified into fever the spirit of the Muses, that he must create the taste by which he desired to minister, and, like all original workers, his first service was to "stand and wait." But in order to do even this, he must live; and his writings were unproductive. At this crisis, a flattering proposal to edit and publish on mutual account, new editions of *Molière*, *La Fontaine*, and other French classics, was made him by a friend; his father liked the business-aspect of the enterprise, for he believed in trade, though not in authorship; cash was advanced; a printing office established; a failure ensued;—and yet the individual who bought the concern made a fortune. Au lieu d'abattre les grandes âmes, le malheur double leur energie. Balzac vindicated this truth; other speculations were unfortunate,—two periodicals died in his hands; pecuniary success eluded him, but not the instinctive goal of his mind. He continued to write according to the idiosyncrasies through which alone he felt justified in loyalty to literature. His confidence was simply that of a man true to his peculiar gifts, and finding satisfaction therein and a presage of success. He labored with exemplary patience, undiscouraged by the indifference with which his successive publications were regarded; this indifference was partial, not absolute, for individual sympathy of the most genuine kind, though often of anonymous expression, assured him, from the first, that he could strike the key note of human emotion: he distinctly foresaw appreciation, and enjoyed presentiments of renown and fortune. He concentrated the aroma of his own experience, drew from the impressions of his own nature; he reflected on emotions and reproduced them; and this was a labor of love. The very method of his toil attests a consciousness of its value; he retired at five in the afternoon, began to work at 11 at night, and often continued until 9 A. M., then breakfasted; corrected proofs until nearly noon, then walked, dined, and conversed through the afternoon. His proof-sheets had enormous margins,—forty pages often swelled to an hundred under his so-called corrections; the revisions were so numerous as to be the despair of printers; but the author cheerfully paid them for extra-work. In this we see the true spirit of an artist; how it contrasts with Dumas, throwing sheet after sheet on the floor to be gathered up, struck off, sold, read, and forgotten! When Balzac came to be understood, his admirers naturally found the best parallels to illustrate his merits among the old masters,—their minute finish, their intensity of expression, and their self-absorbing toil. Thus says one: "Balzac est le Benvenuto Cellini de la littérature moderne; il a sculpté ses livres avec un patience admirable." Another compares his still life with Gerard Dow's interiors: and yet another, referring to his artistic study of character, declares "depuis Molière aucun auteur n'a plus profondement exploré le cœur humain." It is significant of this latter process that Balzac wrote so much at night; it is one that requires abstraction; Sir Walter could well expatiate in the animated sphere of historical events in the freshness of the dawn, and Korner compose battle hymns in a garden; but Allston talked best in his spiritual vein after midnight; and silence and the nervous reinforcement incident to the absence of sunshine, are in unison with that concentration of the mysteries of thought and sentiment wherein Balzac exhibited such reproductive power.

From being almost a myth in Paris, when the tide of fame, which like that of fortune must be "taken at the flood," turned, he became a lion, emerged from the subterranean to the light of day, and appeared in a conspicuous box at the Opera beside its subsequent historian, Dr. Véron. The ingenious Madame Girardin wrote a spirited romance called the *Cheve de M. Balzac*, in which his wonderful pictures were ascribed to the magic power of this massive staff, enabling him at will to become invisible, and thus take notes within the penetralia of Parisian life. But very soon, the habit of the man and need of contemplative seclusion, made him resume a way of living which, compared to that of other popular authors of his day, was hermit-like. He might be seen at the theatre intent upon a drama of Victor Hugo, walking along the Boulevards with a friend, or mingling with the savans of Lamartine's soirée, but he returned from these scenes to a suburban residence, where his work could proceed without interruption, and his whims and tastes have free scope. His pavilion, *Les Jardies*, was a unique abode at Ville d'Avray; and this, with the small house he occupied in the rue Basse at Passy, were his best remembered domiciles. The former was, in a limited style, as eccentric a memorial as the villa of the Palermitan nobleman, whose grotesque adornment is the wonder of travellers. Landscape-gardeners exhausted their own patience and the novelist's funds in experiments to construct stable terraces of trees and plants, where the nature of the soil and the local conditions were wholly inadequate; they were destroyed by, and renewed after every tempest; this fantasy of the owner probably arose from some oriental or Italian association. The plan itself was chosen on a hint in the *Memoirs of St. Simon*; he describes it as a favorite retreat of Louis the Fourteenth's courtiers; with the misfortunes of that reign it fell into neglect, and the fancy possessed Balzac to restore it—although time and change had made it difficult to identify the topography; the old name was not revived except in the proprietor's imagination; the people of the vicinity called it *Les Vignes*, notwithstanding *Les Jardies* was engraved in golden characters on a black marble slab under the bell-knob. This expensive and unsatisfactory "plaisir" was the target of Parisian wit—a kind of Balzac's "Folly;" an illustration of that weakness, as the practical world deems it, with which men of imagination compensate to the less gifted for their superior resources—a kind of Fonthill, Pope's grotto, or Walpole's château, on a small and absurd scale. Even Balzac's friends bemoaned his hobby—which was domestic architecture;—a most costly *sybaritic* fancy; and when his plans were carried out, it was found no provision had been made for a staircase, which was annexed to the structure; and its decoration and furniture within were imaginary, being indicated by memoranda in charcoal on the wall—"ici une tapisserie d'Aubusson," "ici un plafond peint par Eugène Delacroix," etc.; and in his own ungarnished chamber, "ici un tableau de Raphael, hors de prix, et comme on n'en a jamais vu." But if plans too luxurious to be realised, and constructive fancies that impoverished without results, mark the wayward and improvident visionary, the habits of the author were alike eccentric; he was irregular at meals, sometimes making his appearance at dinner late, at others at dessert, and often not at all: he drank only water, ate largely of fruits, in which he was a thorough epicure, the rarest specimens being found on his table; indeed, his enjoyment of fruit was the acme of pleasure; his lips have been seen to quiver, his eyes to gleam, and his hands to be clasped in ecstacy at the sight of a heap of ripe and fragrant pears or peaches; with loosened cravat, open bosom, and a silver knife in one hand, he sliced the crisp and juicy globe, or eagerly imbibed the delicious pulp—now and then making a pleasant remark, or drinking from a goblet of water.

This zest for the most exquisite of Nature's products in the shape of food, was analogous to his mental appetite for her human elements in their ultimate analysis; and a like preference for nervous stimulants was an instinct of his organization. Balzac's coffee and tea were of almost fabulous superiority, obtained with infinite care, and prepared with unequalled skill, and served only to particular friends, to the accompaniment of such a tale as only the naturalist and the poet can weave; around his mocha, discovered after a day's pilgrimage among the épiciers of Paris, or his tea intercepted on its way to Russia, destined for Imperial use, and won by special grace, there hovered the atmosphere of Arabian story: the wonders of Chinese unexplored civilisation, and of Java's tropical enchantments, blended with their aroma, and coalesced in the fancy with their fine exhilaration.

In the physique and the hygiene of Balzac, we can trace a correspondence with his genius: an athlete in frame, he was a woman in nervous tissue; a stoic and a Teuton in mental hardihood, he was a child and an Oriental in his taste for food and stimulants, in the waywardness of his habits, in his nocturnal vivacity, and independence of conventionalities. That child-like abandon, ardor, and simplicity, which seem so primitive and beautiful in contrast with a mature intellect, and belong to all men who have the temperament of genius, were exhibited by Balzac; he could talk nonsense as glibly as Sydney Smith, be as earnest about a freak as Edmund Kean, and indulge in the luxury of sentiment or fantasy as unconsciously as Jean Paul. Many anecdotes of this eccentricity are current. He once awoke a friend between midnight and dawn to relate the most extravagant anticipations of fortune, based on his possession of a ring which the Turkish ambassador had convinced him had been worn by the Prophet, stolen a century ago by the English, and sold to a German prince; the envoy assured Balzac the Great Mogul would purchase it at the cost of millions; and forthwith with this adventure, so like one in the Arabian Nights, the enthusiastic novelist rushed to his friend's bedside and urged him to set off at once for Turkey, and realise countless wealth. On another occasion he took a young man of dreamy, invalid, amiable temper, home to coöperate with him in literary labor by furnishing the plot of a drama; and ludicrous were the peremptory demands of the employer, and the mute confusion of the employé, awoke out of a sound sleep with the interrogatory avez-vous ce drame? Going to lunch with another friend at the shop of what he called un pâtissier sublime, the artless delight and surprise of the English girl who waited on them, upon hearing his name and realising the presence of her idolised author, so gratified him that he presented her with a novel of Cooper's, just purchased, and forgot his repast in a warm eulogy of our pioneer-novelist. One of his freaks was knocking down a neighbor's stone wall as often as he rebuilt it. The history of a tree near his villa, and of his difficulties with the garde champêtre of the vicinity, suggested the most comic relations; he expatiated on magnificent and original speculations—such as the establishment of a dairy on new principles; in a word, when not occupied with the ideal, his bold imagination and sagacious insight found scope in the actual, and his Châteaux d'Espagne were quite as peculiar as his literary art. He was remarkably susceptible to sound; his first toy was a violin, and he held a theory with regard to the association of certain names with specific qualities, which made him extremely fastidious in his choice of appellatives. On being introduced to a gentleman, he suddenly exclaimed—"excuse me, may I give your name to a character I am drawing? it fits exactly." And he once perambulated Paris in the rain for many hours, looking at the signs to find a name in sound and association precisely what his imagination craved.

"Il existait," he writes, "une certaine harmonie entre la personne et le nom. Ce Z qui précédait Marcus, qui se voyait sur l'address de ses lettres et qu'il n'oubliait jamais devant sa signature, cette dernière lettre de l'alphabet offrait à l'esprit je ne sais quoi de fatal.

"Marcus! Répètes-vous à vous même ce nom composé de deux syllabes; n'y trouves-vous pas une sinistre significance? Il est bien composé, il se prononce facilement, il a cette brièveté voulue pour les noms célèbres: n'est-il pas aussi doux qu'il est bizarre? Relisez les faits de la vie et les noms des hommes il est des secrets et d'inexplicables concordances ou des désaccords qui surprennent. Ne voyez-vous pas dans la composition du Z une allure contrariée? ne figure-t-elle pas le signe sténotère et fantasque d'une vie tourmentée? Quel vent a soufflé sur cette lettre qui, dans chaque langue où elle est admise, commande à peine à cinquante mots. Marcus s'appelait Zephirin. Saint Zephirin est très vénéré en Bretagne. Marcus était Breton. Examines encore ce nom: Z. Marcus. Toute la vie de l'homme est dans l'assemblage fantastique de ces sept lettres. Sept! le plus significatif des nombres cabalistiques. L'homme est mort à trente-cinq ans, ainsi sa vie a été composé de sept lustres. Marcus! N'avez-vous pas l'idée de quelque-chose de precieux qui se brise par une chute avec ou sans bruit?"

But the personalities recorded of such a writer as Balzac are insignificant in comparison with the subtle workings of his mind embodied in his creations. It is as a thinker that he interests us: he was less a man of the salon than any célèbre of his time; however original his private manners, and clever his talk, and amusing his experience, these outward details have less attraction when we are so intimately informed of the wonderful refinements of his observation and the psychological reach of his art; we feel impatient of gossip about Balzac when there is such material for study. His career as a man was, indeed, anomalous; long toiling in obscurity and almost indigence, gradually rising to the highest renown, considered rich when in truth he was unable to pay his debts; robust in frame, delicate in temperament; with the most scientific idea of conjugal sympathy—realised only to be sold his death; love, fortune, and celebrity were scarcely in his grasp, after a life of concentrated mental labor—when he was beyond the reach of earthly happiness.

His career was a struggle; he seems to have been more jealous of the prosperity than of the fame of more successful authors, and was even content to be thought overwhelmed with debts rather than in limited circumstances, when such extravagant things were believed in Paris of the profits of fashionable authors. He had a long and severe novitiate to serve; no man of genius was more obstinately assailed by the critics, or so perversely misunderstood by literary cotemporaries. "Hélas!" exclaims Victor Hugo, "ce travailleur puissant et jamais fatigué, ce penseur, ce poète a vécu pauvre nous cette vie d'orages, de luttes, de querelles, de combats, commune dans tous les temps à tous les grands hommes." He had more friends among artists than authors; perhaps they could best appreciate the law according to which he labored, so akin to that which regulates the best pictorial creations; his taste also for painting and sculpture, and especially his knowledge of art as applied to domestic architecture and economy, was doubtless a bond of sympathy. He held criticism in little esteem, having so effectually triumphed over its prophecies and dicta; what he did thoroughly believe in was work; "constant work," he somewhere observes, "is the law of art as that of life, for art is ideal creation;" and it was well said, when he died, "sa vie a été courte, mais pleine; plus remplie d'œuvres que de jours."

A peculiar sympathy with, and consequent knowledge of, women is a recognised trait of Balzac. Between the cognisance of superficial motives by the man of the world, and the exalted ideas of the poet, there is what may be called a scientific appreciation of the sex, as rare as it is beautiful. In this Balzac excelled. The conditions of this insight are as delicate as those requisite to understand genius; sympathy and observation may lead to a partial solution of the problem involved in the nature of womanhood; but psychological perception must be added, or the knowledge is imperfect. Only in Shakespeare do we see what keen human intelligence can discover, what the poet of our nature can reveal of its inner counterpart. Scott drew the heroic and the rustic instincts with the hand of a master; Fielding unfolded the humanity in its normal exercise, and Dickens the local humor and the childish play; but how artificial, one sided, and inadequate; how conventional or melodramatic are the average female characters of fiction! It is the acute talent of Cooper that reconciles us to endure his women; and their portraits in modern novels, written by men, are rather the embellishments of a few stereotyped qualities, the reflection of manners, or the result of one sentiment or set of circumstances, than those variable, inexplicable beings, that puzzle while they charm, and suggest so much more than they demonstrate. Now Balzac essayed to deal with the consciousness of women; they acknowledged that he penetrated to the secret workings of their hearts; and whatever style of character he drew, whether the self-devoted and pure, or the unprincipled and vain, he exhibited a more significant versatility and richly endowed nature—an inward life of deeper interest than literary art had previously laid open to view. In this he did essential service and vindicated a high prerogative; he probed beneath the superficial guise which less intense writers had been satisfied to represent. However monotonous, undemonstrative and conventional the outward life, he showed what a world of restrained emotion, of refinements, of sentiment and sorrow, of unrecorded and unuttered experience was hidden beneath; a volume of aphorisms relating to the instinctive, and of philosophy derived from the earnest springs of female character, might be gleaned from Balzac—such as the most candid and self-revealed of the sex would acknowledge. The test of a man's appreciation of woman, considered as a rational being, is her spontaneous confidence; and Balzac was overwhelmed with the voluntary communications of his fair readers seeking counsel, recognising truth, or expressing appreciation. Le grand, l'immense succès de Balzac lui est venu par les femmes, says one who knew him well; elles ont adoré en lui l'homme qui a su avec éloquence, par l'ingenuité encore plus que par la verité, prolonger indéfiniment chez elles l'âge d'aimer et surtout celui d'être aimé.

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It is not that Balzac omitted the dark and perverted side of female character; on the contrary, no author has more unscrupulously exhibited its selfish passion and its heartless intrigue; he has placed woman in such incongruous moral positions as to revolt the best instincts of humanity,—causing a model of purity to offer herself as a sacrifice for the good of her family, and an unloving wife to simulate long devotion and sympathy merely to ward off the influence of another of her sex. It is the allowance he makes for circumstances, the tenderness he has for true love, and the references of womanly errors to the perversion of naturally self-sacrificing instincts rather than wilful depravity—which made him so long regarded as a psychological champion of the sex. A woman, one of the most remarkable of modern France, has given us her impressions of him at the critical moment when he was recognised by the few, but ignored as an original man of letters by fashion. She was first struck with his egotism, but found it justified by the wonderful clearness and vigor of his ideas; he talked of his writings, related the story not yet elaborated, asked for advice of those incapable of giving it; but in all this Madame Dudevant admits he was a naif et bon enfant. One fine morning, after he had disposed of the *Peau de Chagrin*, on favorable terms, she tells us he took a disgust to his now humble quarters, and was on the point of giving them up, but, upon second thought, determined to refurnish and transform them into "un assemblage de boudoirs de Marquise" and invite his friends, herself among them, to eat ices in rooms hung with silk and bordered with lace. This amused Georges Sands, who took it for a caprice, not understanding how such vain luxe could gratify a manly taste; but she soon discovered that what she calls Balzac's coquetry of imagination was the tyrant of his life, to which he sacrificed even the most indispensable necessities. She sums up his qualities with concise emphasis;—"at once weak and powerful, envious of a bibelot, but never of a reputation, sincere even to modesty, confident of himself and in others, communicative, frank, very bon and very foolish—with an interior sanctuary of reason where he withdrew to triumph—a cynic in chastity, intemperate as a water-drinker, given to excess only in work, to temperance in all things besides, exact and romantic at the same time, credulous and sceptical, full of contradictions, of mysteries: even when young he tormented his friends with the incessant study of himself."

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Comparatively uneventful as was the external life of Balzac, it was none the less a reflex of his genius: he inherited an original vein and rare moral energy from his father, a distinguished citizen, as well as able official, of whom his daughter says—"mon père tenait à la fois de Montaigne, de Rabelais et de l'oncle Toby par sa philosophie, son originalité et sa bonté:" from his mother, besides a life-long and devoted love that kept vigils, not only at his cradle, but over his dying bed, he equally derived "une rare vivacité d'esprit et d'imagination, une activité indefatigable, et une grande fermeté de decision:" each scene of his experience yielded him the materials whereof he subsequently constructed his works, and no master of fiction labored on a more genuine basis of knowledge; the scenery of his native province was as dear as it was vivid to his mind; the priests who ministered at his childhood's altar, furnished the originals of the ecclesiastics he so minutely portrayed; his brief study of law enabled him to describe with such precision the process and the legal possibilities incident to a bankruptcy in *Cæsar Birotteau*; much of his experience as a student is embodied in *Louis Lambert*: enthusiasm for Scott led him at first to adventure in historical romance; the study of Dante to write the *Proscrits*, and of legislation, *Marcas*; the improvisations of Villemain, Guizot, and Cousin, early initiated him into the rhetoric and logic of philosophy; the alternation from a luxurious country-home to a meagre chamber in the metropolis, long wrestling with debt and privation, obscurity and disappointment, disciplined him to patience and the true revelation of the battle of life. His affectionate and frank correspondence with his sister permits us to trace, step by step, the fierce ordeal, the intrepid experiments, the doubts, hopes, fears, and triumphs of his literary career as realised by his own consciousness; le genie a sa poésie, he prophetically wrote and proved; in Paris, in the provinces, and on journeys to Savoy, Sardinia, Corsica, Germany, Italy, and St. Petersburg, he was gleaning the fruits of keen observation—to be analysed and transformed by the hand of art: partout, says his sister, il étudie, villes, villages, campagnes, habitans, recueillant les mots qui peignent un caractère ou resument une situation. Il appelait fort trivialement l'album où il consignait tout ce qu'il entendait de remarquable, son garde-manger.

A striking illustration of Balzac's hardihood, enterprise, and philosophy, was his first dramatic experiment. With a renown in one department of literature, such as his, to enter the lists of Parisian playwrights, with zeal and confidence, was as bold as imprudent; for months he abandoned his suburban retreat, worked in a lodging near the theatre, attended rehearsals, corrected, revised, discussed points with managers and actors, gave rise to a fever of expectation, and made a decided failure, which he bore with remarkable equanimity. The undertaking provoked a storm of critical abuse. "A-t-on bien nommé M. de Balzac comme l'auteur de cette œuvre de désolation, de barbarie et d'inepties?" asked the *Journal des Débats*. "Si vous savies comme cela est une grande misère d'assister à la rapide dégradation d'un homme qui a été le plus bel esprit de son siècle, pendant huit jours!" Yet after the condemnation of *Vautrin*, a friend found the author at *Les Jardies*, feverish but calm, improvising a speculation whereby a dairy, a vegetable garden, a vineyard and a nut-tree should yield twenty thousand francs per annum, and thus atone for the loss of his anticipated profits from the unfortunate dramatic venture. *La Peau* is a striking protest against the speculative mania, the egotism of money which has transformed French character within a few years by the simultaneous development of luxury and avarice; and proves what the author could do on the stage.

St. Beuve, one of the most philosophical of French critics, is remarkable for defining the historical relation of each author whose claims he expounds; having written a luminous series of essays on the literature of France in the columns of a daily journal, he was naturally led to connect the successive developments of systems, modes of thought, styles of composition, and forms of popular taste with the events and the spirit of the times in which they flourished. He remarks that Balzac, born in 1799, was fifteen years of age at the fall of the Empire,—a young man under the Restoration, he beheld its entire course from the best point and period of observation, and considered the nineteenth century as his subject. Every page confirms this suggestion.

Some of the most evanescent yet characteristic shades of life and manners, some of the least considered yet significant facts—social, local, and individual, specialities of costumes, traits of domestic economy, tendencies of thought, and modification of feeling, were sagaciously caught up and emphatically recorded by this indefatigable literary artist; so that even a philosophical historian might glean the most curious details from his novels whereby to illustrate the actual state of life and manners. Others have observed and described the outline and the prominent figures, but Balzac went behind and within what struck the eye; his investigation was original and penetrating; he appropriated what eluded less acute and careful scrutiny.

The earliest fruits of his pen, comparatively neglected as they are, herald distinctly both the scope and the intensity of his genius; how love may draw together a noble but reckless and cruel nature and a gentle, pious soul—regenerating the former, is elucidated in *Argow*; in what manner two entirely diverse species of love may simultaneously combat and merge in an honest and aspiring nature, is unfolded, with the keenest insight of a metaphysician in *Jane la Pale*; the whole moral incongruity involved in a mariage de convenance is exhibited in *Don Gigadas*, and a psychological theory of the vital principle evolved in *La Centenaire*. Comparing the first and the mature emanations of this most prolific and concentrated intelligence, we can understand Balzac's own confession: "Dès mon enfance je pénétrais les choses avec une sensibilité telle que c'était comme une lame fine qui m'entrait à chaque instant dans le cœur." St. Beuve therefore justly accords to Balzac the moral delineation—authentic and complete of three epochs—or rather of their types in human character,—the duchesses and viscomtesses of the Empire, the genre bourgeois crowned with the triumph of the revolution of 1830, and la femme de trente ans. He notes the electric recognition of his artistic power, which made Rastignac, duchesses de Langeais and de Maufrigneuse, and furniture à la Balzac—the rage at once in Venice, Piedmont, Hungary, Poland, and Russia.

. . . . . The early chapters of the *Memoirs of Chateaubriand and Lamartine* give quite a definite idea of the external conditions, which environ the higher class; their family pride, their political associations, their formal reunions, and the exclusive interest thus fostered. But it was reserved for Balzac to penetrate the obscurity and reveal the details of provincial life in France, and make them the frame of the most individual and precise, even metaphysical, diagnosis. In *Eugène Grandet* and other *Scènes de la vie de Province*, we have such minute, and yet at the same time, such generalised and emphatic photographs, that we seem to have participated both in the outward circumstances and the isolated consciousness. The coincidence of love and rural life have often been illustrated by poets; the effect of nature and solitude upon sentiment is proverbial; in the *Lys dans la Vallée*, however objectionable in plot, how exquisitely is the tenderness, born of meditation and affection, brought out! Père Goriot is a kind of modern Lear, whose pathetic image, once known, haunts the memory; in the *Médecin de Campagne*, Christian morality is displayed in a touching light. *La Femme Abandonnée*, *La Femme de Trente Ans*, *La Grenadière*, *Les Célibataires*, and *Les Illusions Perdues*, are like highly finished cabinet pictures, vivid with the latent spirit of subtle humanity. It is not merely the central figure, it is the atmosphere, nor this alone, but the problem which makes Balzac's stories so impressive. The scene is furnished by elaborate study; thus in *Balthazar Claës*, we have the programme of the science of chemistry as full and authentic as might be found in an Encyclopædia; we have a complete detail of Flemish life and art; the interiors so prized by amateurs are not more correct than Balzac's description; and all this positive knowledge, historical, local, and scientific, is but incidental to the inward life of an ideal enthusiast, noble even in his improvidence and self-absorption, and a self-devoted woman angelic in her patience and her faith. In the *Peau de Chagrin* the truth that intensity of life diminishes its duration is most ingeniously unfolded; and its value is singularly illustrated, on the eve of suicide, by the association roused in the old Curiosity-shop, into which the desperate youth accidentally enters, to find symbols of all history crowded together. In *Cousin Pons*, the enjoyments of a virtuoso, the statistics of picture-dealing, the life of the orchestra, are among the subjects unfolded incidentally, and with thorough information and acuteness.

Consider the immense scope on the one hand and the microscopic truth on the other of these creations. In *Un Grand Homme de Province à Paris*, we have an exposition of the philosophy of authorship, of the system of theatrical and literary criticism, of journalism, of aspiration and conformity in writers, of the relation of money to art, of the actress to the author, of the publisher to the poet, the moral and economical facts of all these phases of Paris life being emphatically nomenclated; and the motto "soyez dur et spirituel" proved the essential of artistic success. In *L'Enfant Maudit*, we have an equally authenticated diagnosis of the inward experience of baffled powers and concentrated affection; in *Louisine*, an historical theme is illustrated with the utmost care, after the manner of Scott. Catherine de Medicis, Marie Stuart, Guise, Condé, and the Huguenot persecution, with the manners, costume, and local traits of their times, are fully reproduced. The play of *Mercadet* is as absolute an exposé of the tricks and crises of speculation, brokerage, and bankruptcy, as if the author had passed his life on 'change. *Les Paysans* unfolds the old and new relations of the peasantry and land-owners and the peculiar forms of French country life, with the details of a logical overseer. *Ursule Mirouet* may be called a scientific romance of mesmerism and expedition of the French law of Inheritance, while in *Les Célibataires* the philosophy and even the physiology of ungratified affections are so actual in the representation, that we seem to experience how, according to the author, "la vie habituelle fait l'âme, et l'âme fait la physionomie:" in the *Médecin de Campagne*, what benign political economy, what devotion of a bereaved heart! industry, health, personal resources through these, miraculously yet naturally surmount the degradation of an humble bourg situé près de la Grande Chartreuse; whoever desires to understand French administrative and bureaucratic habits, will find them revealed minutely in *Les Employés*. Thus the most practical and the most abstract, the common functions of the peculiar métier, the familiar and the scientific, the world of sense, of affairs, of manners, of art, of society, of domesticity, of history, of the strictest individuality, of the coarsest need, and the most refined sentiment—find their interpreter in Balzac. And be it remembered this is independent of the incident, the character, and the spirited comments with which are interwoven all these political, social, and moral studies. . . . .

Balzac, in his best vein, carries on two distinct and parallel achievements—he works out still-life, or external circumstances, with an authenticity amounting to science, and at the same time, he keeps in view the mental process going on in the chief personage introduced; he makes us see and feel simultaneously. His novels are the result of the most careful study of outward conditions and of inward emotion; he aims to reproduce both; he is a teacher on the one hand, come municating facts, and a clairvoyant on the other, reporting psychological phenomena. In *Eugène Grandet*, avarice is the quality not only shown up, but analysed; in *Seraphita* mysticism, in *Père Goriot*—what the phrenologist might call exalted philoprogenitiveness; yet in each there is a relative interest and meaning independent of what may be called the theme;—in the latter work, for instance, how thoroughly the average life, economy, and characters of French pensions, are exhibited! His delicacy of apprehension is marvellous; doubtless many of his pictures are extravagant, many of his descriptions too elaborately minute; yet as an observer how subtle, as an analyst of passion and feeling how profound! The entire economy of death—that is, all that law and custom exact in reference to sepulture in Paris, from the instant of expiration to the last sod levelled at Père la Chaise, are philosophically described in *Madame Jules*; he studied botany to write *La Lys dans la Vallée*; "Je me plongeai," he says, "dans le panthéisme naturel comme un palen:" and this expression leads us to note another trait of his authorship; when the materials were thus conscientiously gathered, and the characters thus intensely defined in his conception, he wrought out the whole with a concentrated earnestness: "Il était enivré de son œuvre—une nature riche, capricieuse, opulente, pleine d'idées, de types et d'inventions;" and according to another, "he was the prey of his work, which carried him like a chariot with four horses."

Balzac's career and genius are full of anomalies; thus, while one of the most prolific of modern authors, he declared himself without a natural facility for pencraft; and his style remained crude longer than with less practised writers; with a strong tendency to literature as a profession, he was impelled thereto by no earnest love of a special topic or inquiry; it is stated that when he was twenty-three he had issued six novels; and without being at all deficient in self-esteem, he so far justly estimated his early works as to designate the result of the first seven years of authorship as "essays in the apprenticeship of fiction;" probably the consciousness of this led him to continue so long the use of the anonymous; part of these labors were achieved under the pressure of indigence, part were the fruit of inauspicious contracts: throughout this experimental era he manifested the same incongruous union of luxurious tastes with resolute purpose, and the same delight in labor and reaction to morbid discouragement from overwork, which marked his more famous days. *La Dernier Chouan* was the first romance to which he affixed his name; it appeared in 1829; *La Vendée* was written amid the scenes it describes, and its fidelity was soon recognised; the *Physiologie du Mariage* awakened public notice to his acute and independent manner of observation and inference; *La Peau de Chagrin* in 1831, confirmed his fame; and this success probably inspired him with one of the most elaborate conceptions which ever filled the brain of a novelist—the entire illustration, by analytical narrative, of the social life of France; a design which, under the title of *Comédie Humaine*, he completed to the extent of portraying, with more or less unity, in various degrees of finish, and especially with an extraordinary freedom from repetition, no less than three hundred characters,—several of which have become acknowledged types and original masterpieces, ranging from the isolated purity of *Eugène Grandet* to the economical wisdom of *Cæsar Birotteau*, from the ideal sentiment of *Le Lys dans la Vallée* to the scientific enthusiasm of *Balthazar Claes* and the tragic self-devotion of *Père Goriot*. If too special and full at times for the patience of the unthinking, he is rarely careless in reasoning; if he offends by the cynicism and grossness of one picture, he ravishes with the delicacy and sweetness of another; if progressive theorists are repelled by his want of system and a particular moral, philosophic minds admire the integrity with which he explores, dissects, and defines the facts of society and of life—undisturbed by any personal object or ostensible creed. To complete the singular antithesis of his fortune, when the *Médecin de Campagne*, in 1835, elicited a letter from the Countess of Hanska—and a long subsequent correspondence, and the death of her husband in 1848, made Balzac a rich and beloved, as well as intellectually appreciated husband—a heart disease, aggravated by mental toil and excessive use of coffee, at the height of his literary activity, fame, fortune, and happiness, terminated his life; and the works that for so many years afforded him but a precarious subsistence, as appears by a recent paragraph from a Paris journal, became a source of wealth.

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